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Old Memories

Amusing and Historical

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OLD MEMORIES:
AMUSING AND HISTORICAL.

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OLD MEMORIES:

AMUSING AND HISTORICAL.

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A SEQUEL TO

"REMINISCENCES OF OLD QUEBEC."

Charlotte Holt BY
MRS. DANIEL MACPHERSON,
AN OLD QUEBECER.

1895'67.
19.5.24.

MONTREAL:
PRINTED FOR THE AUTHOR.

Entered according to Act of Parliament of Canada, in the year one thousand eight hundred and ninety, by MRS. DANIEL MACPHERSON, in the office of the Minister of Agriculture and Statistics at Ottawa.

DEDICATION.

TO

JAMES MACPHERSON LEMOINE, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF

QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT, MAPLE LEAVES,
ETC.,

MY DEAR HUSBAND'S COUSIN AND TRIED FRIEND,

I DEDICATE THIS VOLUME AS A SLIGHT MARK OF ESTEEM.

CHARLOTTE HOLT GETHINGS MACPHERSON.

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TO MY SUBSCRIBERS AND THE PUBLIC.

My Friends,

You have been so good to me, in purchasing, within a few weeks, five hundred copies of a feuilleton, only intended for private circulation, I should like to show my appreciation, by catering to your desire for information regarding our dear old city, Quebec; but what can I do? My learned friend, James Macpherson LeMoine, Esq., with his wonderful knowledge of facts, so exhausted the subject in his excellent and beautifully got up book, "Picturesque Quebec," I am utterly overwhelmed. Until I began to study the matter I was quite ignorant that he had written so fully on these matters, so I can only play Boswell to his Johnson, and as without Boswell many of the sayings of the immortal Johnson would have been lost, I too may have my use in recording crumbs of information, interesting and instructive, though lacking the dignity of history.

Yours truly,

Charlotte Holt Gethings Macpherson.

OLD MEMORIES:

AMUSING AND HISTORICAL.

SEQUEL TO "REMINISCENCES OF OLD QUEBEC,"
BY MRS. DANIEL MACPHERSON.

My first recollection is that of being drawn in a child's carriage by old Germain, messenger of the Quebec Bank (where I was born), to the old convent, formerly occupying the site of McCall, Shehyn & Co.'s store at the foot of Mountain Hill in St. Peter Street, Quebec. This convent has been non-existant for forty-seven years. Its community now reside in St. Joseph Street, St. Roch's. When this convent was there, there was no St. Peter Street, there were no wharves,

and an old sister told me the batteau men often struck their sails against their convent. I remember my father often called at the convent to take me out boating on the St. Lawrence River that lapped its shores, for the lower town of Quebec was then a delightful residence for Quebec people, only the military then residing in the Upper Town. Applying for information about this old convent to Ville Marie, the Mother House of this order, I received the following letter from one of the ladies:

CONGREGATION DE NOTRE DAME,

Montreal, October 10, 1890.

Madam,

As I am obliged to absent myself, I have only time to give the year of the present foundation at Quebec. The first house was in the Upper Town, established in 1688 under the direction of the venerable Mother Bourgeois. This house was transferred to the Lower Town in 1692, under Mons. de St. Vallière, and in 1844 the convent of the Lower Town not being any more convenient, the sisters went and fixed themselves in St. Roch's under Monseigneur Signai and the Rev. Curé Mr.

Charest. Rev. Mère St. Madeleine was Superioress of the Congregation of Notre Dame.

I am sorry not to be able to give you further details.

Your humble servant,

Sr. St. Alexis de St. Joseph.

SEQUEL TO OLD CONGREGATIONAL CONVENT.

FRIDAY, October 10, 1890.

I have just returned from a very pleasant visit (my first) to Villa Maria, the Maison Mère of the old Convent of the Congregation, forty-seven years ago at the foot of Mountain Hill, Quebec.

Taking the St. Catherine street cars as far as the Post-Office, at the toll-gate you enter an omnibus (at certain hours) which takes you, for the moderate sum of five cents, to the gate leading into the grounds of Villa Maria, the first educational establishment of the Congregation de Nôtre Dame, formerly Monck-lands.

The approach on the Côte St. Antoine Road is beautiful, especially at this season, when the trees surrounding the various pretty homes o-

some of our Montreal gentry are just taking on their autumn tints. At one residence especially I noticed the leaves of every color, from varied green and red, pale pink, and deep crimson. One small house especially attracted my attention, that of Maxime St. Germain—a real old-fashioned humble country stone cottage, with the cross standing, a rendezvous in old time for prayer when churches were few and far between.

It was told me that this Maxime St. Germain, from a humble habitant, by the rise of the value of his property, has risen to great wealth, though still living in his humble way, and with his wife and brother still occupy the old homestead.

To make one understand the beauty of Moncklands, you must pay it a personal visit, and, in default of that, I cannot do better than copy a page of its prospectus. I can only say that I was utterly charmed even during my hurried visit.

The view is so lovely from the front. The parlors so tastefully, even elegantly, furnished, with a fine library in one of them, every token of refinement, and the spirit of order prevails with a carefulness of detail which must conduce to the comfort of its inmates.

"In this Institution for Young Ladies will be found all the advantages, comfort, etc., in harmony with its pre-eminence among the various houses of this Order.

In point of situation, salubrity, and picturesque scenery, Villa Maria is unrivalled; the grounds are extensive, and comprise a delightful grove and a lovely little lake, with gondolas, for the healthful amusement of the pupils.

The house, which was formerly the residence of the Governor-General of Canada, is fitted up in a style of comfort and in a degree of elegance not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. French being the language of the Institution, the pupils possess rare facilities for acquiring a thorough and practical knowledge of this language. French conversation is compulsory, and enters into the competition for the highest honors. The course in the English language is thorough and complete.

The Governor-General of the Dominion of Canada has graciously given this institution a magnificent medal, to be awarded for general proficiency.

Hon. Ed. Murphy, Montreal, a valuable

microscope, to the young lady who excels in natural history.

Mrs. Ed. Murphy, a magnificent gold medal, for excellence in the art of house-keeping.

The Countess de Beaujeu, a rich gold medal, to the young lady who excels in French conversation.

The Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec, a medal for universal history.

The Rev. L. Collin, Sup. S. S. S., a gold medal for literature.

The Rev. J. Marechal, a gold medal for religious instruction.

The Hon. P. J. O. Chauveau, ex-minister of Education, a gold medal for composition.

The Rev. Mother Sup. General, a gold medal for excellence in deportment.

J. J. McElhone, Esq., of Washington, a gold medal for phonography and type-writing.

J. M. McGirr, Esq., Ont., a gold medal for mathematics.

Awarded by an artist, a gold lyre, for proficiency in music."

ST. LOUIS HOTEL.

I have just returned from Quebec, and must record one of the most pleasurable incidents of that visit, namely, my meeting accidentally an old acquaintance, the handsome Miss Bouchette, now Lady Shea, and her gifted husband, Sir Ambrose Shea. The pleasure of a prolonged interview with the latter, and I must say an hour's conversation with him, is an education. He has the happy gift of conveying so much information in such easy flowing language, words seem to come specially to express his meaning; you learn so much while apparently only chatting. Truly may the Bahamas bless the day when he went there, and evolved from the noxious weed they complained of (Sisal Fibre) an industry which will be its grand prosperity. Already the importance of this great branch of commerce has been so great that he has, in view of Canadian interests, come on a visit to Ottawa, to effect, if

possible, a divergence of the trade to Canada instead of permitting our American Cousins to reap all the profits. He showed me a plait of fibre about two feet long or more, so delicate yet so strong. There is no doubt it will produce a rival to the famous manilla rope, and so facile of handling, it may yet be used for the manufacture of linen and other articles, for it needs very little preparation for use, and that of the simplest kind.

This wonderful plant suddenly sprung into prominent notice. It is a weed particularly fertile in the Bahamas. It grows about two feet high, and the fibre is the length of the plant, and when extracted by the simple process of pressing out, and then wet and dried in the sun, looks exactly like horse hair, and so strong one could not break even four threads twined together. This Sisal Fibre is creating such a sensation now. I need say nothing further on the subject, only wish Sir Ambrose and his wife a pleasant trip, and thank Mr. Russell for the particular courtesy I received from him. But when will you fail to receive attention at the St. Louis! From mine host down to the

humblest bell boy, all are so watchful for your comfort, so civil in their demeanor, it is a pleasure to put up there.

THE QUEBEC BANK, QUEBEC.

On a recent visit to Quebec I was shown by the present courteous and able manager, James Stevenson, Esq., a notice he had written in the *Shareholder*, February 22, 1884, and there is so much of interest in it for the public, I transmit the valuable information it contains to you, my friends. Mr. Stevenson had directed my attention to this article, as he had therein so kindly noticed my dear father, the late Charles Gethings:—

The Quebec Bank, with the exception of the Bank of Montreal, is the oldest bank in the Dominion. On the 9th July, 1818, merchants, and others interested in the establishment of a bank in the city of Quebec, held a meeting at the Exchange, and drafted articles of association. The document is headed, "Articles of Association of the Quebec Bank," and consists of twenty-five sections. No. 3 provides that, for the good management of the bank, there

shall be thirteen directors; No. 6, that there shall be no recourse upon the separate property of any shareholder. Other sections severally provide for the issue of notes; the calling-up of the capital, which is to be £75,000; the term of the bank's existence; and its dissolution. The bank is now in its sixty-seventh year. Distinguished men, legislators, lawyers and merchants have served on the directorate. During the term of its existence it has been exposed to severe financial storms; it has weathered them all, preserved its capital intact, and has paid several millions in the shape of dividends.

At the first meeting of the shareholders, which was held on the 7th September, 1818, the following gentlemen were elected to serve on the board of directors, namely, John W. Woolsey, Thomas White, J. McCallum, John Jones, Charles Smith, Louis Massue, Jean Langevin, Henry Black, Ph. Aubert de Gaspé, W. G. Sheppard, John Goudie, Etienne Lagreux, and Benjamin Tremain. Mr. Woolsey was elected president, and Mr. White, vice-president; and the Board engaged the services of Noah Freer, as cashier. Mr. Freer held a commission as captain in the army; he had seen

service, and had been military secretary to Sir George Prevost, during the war of 1812. Steady-going merchants may have shrugged their shoulders and questioned the wisdom and propriety of appointing a soldier to such a position; but Captain Freer took kindly to the business of civil life. He was accurate, precise, and methodical in all he did; and a courteous gentleman in his intercourse with the public. The customers of the bank were men of high standing—including the leading officials of the capital, namely, the Governor-General, the Bishop, the Commander-in-Chief, legislators and lawyers, in addition to the regular commercial clientèle. Holograph cheques of all its principal customers since 1818 have been carefully preserved in the bank, a review of which is almost as interesting as a cursory perusal of the annals of the city.

That able jurist, the late Honorable Andrew Stuart, was appointed legal adviser; and he appears on several occasions to have steadied the directors, and guided them into a course of safety.

In the absence of an "Act of Incorporation," the shareholders no doubt incurred unlimited

liability to the depositors and note-holders; but application was made to Parliament for a charter, and an "Act of Incorporation," extending the existence of the bank to 1831, was passed in 1819. This Act received the Royal assent of George IV. on the 16th September, 1822. At the expiration of the term, the charter was renewed, and extended to the 1st August, 1836; and, by a subsequent Act, to the same date in 1837. That year constitutional government was suspended in consequence of the disturbed state of the Province; and all the powers and privileges of the bank expired by the effluxion of the time limited by the Act of Incorporation. The directors were at a loss what course to pursue under the circumstances. They thought seriously of winding up the bank. In 1838 the government of the country was vested in Sir John Colborne, as Administrator, and a special council held in the city of Montreal. The same year, the Habeas Corpus Act was suspended, and an ordinance was passed authorizing the incorporated, chartered, and other banks in the Province to suspend the redemption of their notes in specie till the 1st of June, 1839—limiting the circulation of each bank to the amount

of its capital stock actually paid up. It was further enacted that all specie then held by the bank should be retained, and should not be sold, excepting to Her Majesty's Government.

Political disturbances having been quelled, trade revived, and all thought of winding up the bank was abandoned. To supply the absence of silver, the bank, in addition to its ordinary issue, issued notes of 15d., or 30 sous, and 2s. 6d., or 3 francs; and the several banks struck off a copper currency for the convenience of the public. The suspension of specie payments lasted three years.

In the absence of Parliamentary authority for the existence of the bank, the directors were advised to apply for a royal charter, and Captain Freer, the cashier, was deputed to proceed to England, for the purpose of communicating with the Home Government on the subject. Captain Freer was well received by the authorities, and every assistance was rendered to him in furtherance of the object of his mission. A royal charter was granted with authority to apply to Parliament for a renewal as soon as constitutional government should be restored;

at the same time the authorized capital of the bank was increased to £100,000.

Several changes had taken place in the *personnel* of the Direction since 1818. In 1823, Mr. W. Sheppard was elected president; in 1832, Mr. Charles Smith; in 1838, Mr. John Fraser; and in 1842, Mr. James Gibb. In 1852 Captain Freer retired from the service of the bank upon a pension, having held office for thirty-four years. In 1848 Sir N. F. Belleau was elected a director. He has since been a constant member of the Board, and punctual in his attendance, even while he held the office of Lieutenant-Governor of the Province of Quebec. On the death of the Honorable Andrew Stuart, the Honorable Henry Black was appointed legal adviser; and on his assuming the duties of Judge of the Vice-Admiralty Court, he was succeeded by the Honorable George O. Stuart, the present Judge of the same Court. J. C. Vannovous, Q.C., held the office till his death, and was succeeded by the present legal advisers of the bank, Messrs. Andrews, Caron & Andrews.

Mr. Charles Gethings, a man of inflexible integrity of character, was appointed to fill the

office of cashier, vacated by the retirement of Captain Freer, and under his management, and the careful supervision of the president, Mr. Gibb, who was rarely absent from the office, the bank continued to pay its dividends, namely, in 1853 at the rate of 7 per cent. per annum: in 1854, 7 per cent.; 1855, 7 per cent.; 1856, 7 per cent.; 1857, 6½ per cent.; 1858, 6 per cent.; 1859, 6½ per cent.; 1860, 7½.

In 1860 the president, one of the oldest and most esteemed merchants in the city, died, deeply regretted by the whole community, and Mr. W. H. Anderson, the vice-president, was elected president in his place. The following year Mr. Gethings, the cashier, retired upon a pension; and Mr. William Dunn, a gentleman well qualified to fill an important place in any bank, was appointed his successor. The bank, under his management, continued to pay dividends, namely, in 1861, 8 per cent.; 1862, 8 per cent.; 1863, 7½ per cent.; 1864, 7 per cent.

In 1864 Mr. David Douglas Young, a leading and highly esteemed merchant, who had served several years on the directorate, was elected president. Mr. Dunn, the cashier, retired soon after his appointment, and was succeeded by

the present general manager, Mr. James Stevenson, in December, 1864.

Since the death of Mr. Young, which happened in 1869, the Honorable James G. Ross has been president of the bank, and Mr. William Withall, vice-president.

Such, in brief, is the history of this old institution, the doors of which were opened for business in 1818, in a small house in Sault-au-Matelot Street. Some years afterwards, a portion of a commodious building erected by the Quebec Fire Insurance Company, in Peter Street, was occupied by the bank. But in 1863 the directors resolved to have a building of their own, and they purchased from Mr. H. Atkinson the site upon which the present handsome banking house is built. A certain historical interest attaches to almost every spot and locality in Quebec; and to none more so than to that very site. There, on a cold stormy December morning, in 1775, when the simultaneous assault on Quebec was made by Montgomery and Arnold, stood a small body of resolute men, ready to sacrifice their lives in defence of the city. While the life of Montgomery was ebbing away with the flow of his

blood at Cape Diamond, Arnold was advancing, with a comparatively formidable force, from St. Roch's, upon Sault-au-Matelot, a little lane not over twelve feet wide, opposite the site of the bank. It is not too much to say that the fate of Canada, as a dependency of Great Britain, hung upon the issue of the impending contest in the lane. The struggle was a desperate one.

It lasted several hours; but the repulse was complete; and Arnold, carried off wounded, retired with the remnant of his force upon the General Hospital, the head-quarters of the Americans, which they held till the siege of Quebec was abandoned in the following month of May, 1776.

HORSE BOATS AND ICE BOATS.

Near the site of the old convent just described, we used to embark on a horse boat to cross to Levis in summer, and in winter a canoe, managed by expert boatmen, who paddled their way through shoal ice, and, on reaching any large piece, with wonderful strength and skill raised the canoe and pulled it on the ice as we do a sleigh. These boatmen were so inured to their work that an accident rarely happened. But there are records of a whole canoe full of people being swamped. Fortunately a regular service of ice boats exists in winter now, and with rare intervals (some extraordinary storm) with as much regularity as the summer ferry boats.

Some of my young readers may never have seen a horse boat, so I will tell them they looked like some of the very small steamboats, but the machinery was put in movement and

carried on by horses attached to a pole in the centre and walking round and round.

Previous to the year 1857 there were no other means of crossing to Levis but by the canoes, when Capt. Semple chartered a boat, which ran up to December, as it could only go through floating ice. But an enterprising gentleman, the recently deceased Mr. Tibbits, talking over the matter with a young relative of mechanical genius, made out plans for machinery, had them sent to Montreal, made here and sent on to Quebec, were fitted up and at once proved successful, and thus in the year 1862 started his passenger boat, "The Arctic," which would cut through the heaviest ice and became a perfect success. I copy from a newspaper the following notice of Mr. Tibbits, who died March 26, 1889:

"On Friday last the mortal remains of the late James Tibbits were committed to their last resting place in Mount Hermon Cemetery. For many years the deceased was a prominent figure in the mercantile community. He was a man of great physical and mental energy, and of unbounded enterprise, always willing to risk in public enterprises the money with which

many of his ventures were crowned. One lasting monument of his enterprise and ability remains to us in the excellent ferry service we enjoy with the South Shore. He was the first to demonstrate the possibility of a steamer cutting its way through the masses of ice which obstructed the navigation opposite the city during the winter. Like many others of our enterprising merchants, Mr. Tibbits died poor. Quebec owes his memory a debt of gratitude, which might well have been slightly repaid by a public funeral. It is, however, such a long time since Mr. Tibbits resided in the city, the generation that succeeded are hardly aware of the services rendered by the deceased. It is not fitting, however, that they should be lost sight of."

The ferry boats, summer and winter, land you in close proximity to the railroad, and carriages take you west towards St. David or east to St. Joseph. After driving up a very steep hill you come to a road branching off to the west beside which is the little old English Church and Cemetery, the former being now renewed under the supervision of its popular pastor, Rev. Mr. Nicholls, grandson of the much-esteemed Bishop

Mountain. Higher up and last is the Roman Catholic parish church, a monument to the zeal and perseverance of the late Rev. Mr. Dalzeil. Almost a riot was in the parish when he asked for it to be built of its present size, but with far-seeing wisdom he insisted, and now it is crowded to overflowing though two other churches have been built in the space of the last few years. Levis also possesses a fine college in this locality. On the summit of the hill called rue des Marchands is a very handsome and spacious store and residence belonging to Mr. Couture, and opposite to it is a tiny little building kept in good repair, though unused, which Mr. Couture tells you with pride is the shop where he first earned the shillings which were to end by making him a millionaire. Mr. Edouard Couture carries on the business in the same place now, but the Hon. Geo. Couture, Senator, sleeps under a handsome obelisk in Levis Cemetery. The noblest monument that exists to his memory, however, is the beautiful church, built by money left for that purpose in his will, adjoining the splendid hospital, built within about ten years, to which he contributed so largely during his lifetime. One of the head ladies of the institution (a

very old friend, sister-in-law of our well-known citizen, Hon. P. Casgrain) took me through this building about a week ago, and I was astonished to find it almost filled already. The poor, the crippled, old women, young children, have here a comfortable home, with delightful surroundings, and on a height and with a view of the Citadel, Quebec.

When Mère St. Monique asked me to go and visit the Catacombs under the church, I decidedly objected, but Josephte, as I called her in our youth, always would have her way, and I am glad she did so here, for I do not know whether similar places for burial are existent elsewhere in this country or only a new creation in Canada, but I am glad I went into them. This seems to be the perfection of burying. Leading me through a long light passage under the church, we came to a very heavy iron door; then on its being opened a second appeared with its blank emblems and death's head and cross bones, sufficiently indicative of where we were going Entering this door Mère St. Monique struck a light, and we found ourselves in a fire-proof brick chamber and passages. On every side shelves to hold one coffin. There is only

one occupant so far—Mr. Gingras—but there are places for ninety. The coffin is placed on a shelf just large enough, then masoned up, and the name put on the masonry. A great improvement on old-fashioned vaults, as all possibility of disturbance is precluded and no danger from foul air. This building is under the High Altar, so to a devout Roman Catholic much of the feeling of gloom is taken away. A few miles west is St. David's Church, a pretty new edifice, and further on at the village of St. Romuald, St. Romuald's Church, so filled with choice paintings and works of art by its late Pastor, the Rev. Mr. Saxe, it has become quite a worthy show place for our sight-seeing American friends. The Rev. Mr. Saxe was of such clever wit and genial presence, he exercised great influence over those with whom he came in contact. I remember saying how proud his parishioners must be of this lovely little edifice. "They well may be," he said, "it has hardly cost them anything for all these works of art. I made the old country, that could afford it, give them, you know. I travelled in Europe for contributions, and impressed on each community how necessary it was that each

city should give of its best—something to redound to its own credit, and I got it," the old gentleman said with a merry twinkle in his eye. So much, my friends, for tact and a knowledge of human nature.

BEAUMONT—ST. THOMAS.

Previous to the year 1853, or thereabouts, there was no railroad below Quebec, and vehicles were the only means of transport; but when time and means permit, it is surely the most agreeable of all ways of travelling. We were frequent visitors at Crane Island, and our downward drive to St. Thomas, where we took sail boat to cross, were in the habit of stopping at various way-side houses, not inns, simply neat commodious places where we were always expected and welcomed, and sure of a meal and bed. One of these was the Fraser House at Beaumont: it still exists, but sadly deteriorated, and occupied by a French farmer and family. It is a very long low house in a very small quiet country village, prettily situated with a view of the St. Lawrence.

On one occasion my husband and myself drove up to the door. "Welcome!" (we were frequent

visitors) "but it is well you did not come a few days sooner. Who do you think has just left? Lord and Lady Elgin,"—and I forget whether she said any children. "Come, and I'll show you the room as I arranged it for Lady Elgin." If you have never, my readers, seen a genuine old-fashioned habitant bedstead, I would almost fail to impress you with its height; you could not possibly get into it without standing on a chair, and two of these were placed side by side, taking in one whole side of a room, with the long white curtains pendant from a rod attached to the ceiling. I can hardly think of it now without smiling. Of course, it must have been for the novelty of the thing that Lady Elgin used it instead of having one brought from Quebec. Perhaps one gets so tired of formality and grandeur, a change becomes a welcome relief. We said we had but twenty minutes to stay, and must have lunch at once. In about ten minutes we had a most delicious fricassée of chicken in white sauce. On complimenting Mrs. Fraser, she said, "I learnt how to make that from Lord Elgin's cook, and was I not smart? those chickens were running about when you came." That spoilt all, ah—if she only

had not told us ? There are numerous pretty villages all along the south shore. None prettier than that of St. Michel, adjacent to Beaumont. It much resembles Kamouraska, though much prettier as the foliage is so lovely.

ST. MICHEL.

St. Michel is a delightful summer residence, about fifteen miles from Quebec, reached directly by steamer every day, or by railroad a few miles from the village.

We resided there for a couple of years, and then made the acquaintance of the Rev. Mr. Drolet, who with his mother and sisters tendered us such kindly hospitality. The Parsonage became to all of us a Maison Paternelle, for the family all spoke English as well as French, and the genial curé, a very clever and devoted priest, was in his home an admirable host. I shall have occasion elsewhere to speak of him. I will conclude this article with a few verses I found lately, written on the spur of the moment from the circumstance of one of the ladies nearly falling through a trap door into the cellar of the dining-room of the old-fashioned house we then occupied.

A CHRONICLE OF ST. MICHEL.

A REMEMBRANCE OF HAPPY DAYS.

It was a winter evening,
The moon was shining bright,
When from a lady's parlor
Came sounds of laughter light.
But, suddenly, the scene is changed,
There's heard a warning shriek,
And borne upon the air the words,
"Oh ! dear, will no one speak ?"
Unheeding trap, just at her feet,
Comes with majestic mien
A damsel of sweet presence,
And smiling all serene.
Her eyes are like the glowworm,
Her cheeks like damask rose,
She holds her head so loftily,
She looks not at her toes ;
When, roused from contemplation sweet
Of bottles ale and stout,
A head above the trap appears—
"What's all this row about?

I see, I see, Miss Flora, dear,
You'd all but tumbled down;
One further step, and you'd have fall'n
On my unlucky crown.
Oh! had you tumbled on my head
In yonder cellar well,
We now, alas, been both quite dead"—
A sad old tale to tell.
How youth and beauty often fall
Into some snare unseen,
As so hath chanced in many a day
And yet full oft I ween,
While thoughtless youth with eager step
Pursues its heedless way.

MORAL.

Then damsels all who hear my tale
Hold not your heads so high,
A downward glance give now and then,
Hid dangers to descry.

We arrive at St. Thomas after a forty miles drive, and stay over, if the tide does not serve for coming, at Madame F.'s well-known hotel —not far from which is the residences of the late Sir Etienne Taché and Mr. Bender, father of the present well-known Boston physician, Dr. Bender.

A short distance from here is the house now occupied by E. P. Bender, formerly owned by Mr. William Patton, a splendid specimen of an English gentleman. A lumber merchant, doing a large business with ample means, his house was the home of generous hospitality. It is thirty years since I visited it or more—it then gave you an idea of one of England's far-famed country homes. Everything handsome, well ordered grounds, its steel grates (then a novelty), and handsome paperings, a host so courteous, his wife a refined lady of the old school—all appeared to promise long years of happiness to its inmates, when in a day, alas! all was changed. Mr. Patton was most energetic in his efforts to hasten the building of the railroad from Quebec to St. Thomas, and went into town to see Messrs. Morton, Peto & Brassey, when he met his fate. Overheated by his exertions, he lay down to rest opposite an open window facing the St. Lawrence, a gale sprung up, he got a chill, and in twenty-four hours he was dead, of inflammation, before his wife could reach him, and yet she arrived almost in time, due to a mysterious warning of some kind, I forget what it was—she told me of it herself.

Sitting quietly in her room she heard or saw something, and, convinced that her husband needed her, she ordered a carriage, and, despite all remonstrance, drove all night, and passed in the darkness the carriage sent for her, and arrived in the grey dawn of morning to find her husband just dead.

How many such unaccountable occurrences happen. I could tell of at least six such experiences in my own history. My theory is this, that under certain conditions thought meets thought, and so mesmerically impresses on the loved one its own yearnings and wishes.

Previous to Mr. Patton's purchasing it, this house had been occupied by several families of note, the De Beaujeus, Olivas, etc. It was purchased a few years since by E. P. Bender, Esq., who now occupies it with his family.

SECOND VISIT TO ROBERVAL, LAKE ST. JOHN.

I was unfortunately prevented from visiting Roberval until late in the season—in fact, only a few weeks before the hotel closed—but I saw enough to confirm my first impressions as to its desirability as a summer resort for people who really need to recuperate after the wear and tear of town life. It was late in August, a cold spell was on; we arrived per railroad on Pullman car, which brings you to the very gate of the hotel premises. A dull heavy rain came down as we got off the cars, but what of that? you are ushered nto a hallway where burns a generous grate fire. Courteous officials greet you and inquire your wants. Shown to a comfortable bedroom, and then to a supper as good in quality as meals served in most town hotels, with excellent attendance, you fancy you are in fairy land, as, gazing on the wild country around, you remember that this locality a few years ago

was not even inhabited by farmers, but all was bush. Ushered into the ladies' parlor you are greeted by a most winning hostess, Mrs. Scott, daughter of the Honorable Mr. Shehyn, who, residing here at present with her children, does the honors, and welcomes you as if to her own private parlor. The season was so nearly over there were comparatively few guests, but those of the most pleasant—Dr. and Mrs. Lovely, Rev. Mr.—— and his wife, and several members of the Beemer family, who by their musical talents contributed largely to our enjoyment. Roberval I am sure has a grand future before it. Dr. Lovely, one of the most eminent physicians of the United States, assured me that he had discovered coal-oil there, not five miles from the hotel, and also some stone (I forget what) of which he was taking specimens away with him. He said if it was what he thought, it would indeed be a bonanza.

It appears to me that Roberval would be especially beneficial for those suffering from nervous exhaustion or debility, or tendency to consumption. The pure mountain air, the quiet, the absence of rush and excitement, must surely be most grateful to such parties, while for those

who want a livelier existence, the trips in excursion steam-boats, the visits to various other fishing grounds, the power of jumping on the railroad that comes to your door and whirls you off for a few hours to other lakes, is a matter not to be lost sight of. Added to the perfect inside comfort of this hotel—baths on your bedroom flat—the immense piazza runs the full length of the building, affording in wet weather an excellent promenade, with a view of the lovely lake, and what I much appreciated was the absence of the horrid gong calling you to meals. Here you are told the time for meals, and if you so desire a civil waiter calls you at the hour you name, but the fearful din that elsewhere rouses you from your pet morning sleep is absent.

Entering the ladies' parlor in the evening you feel almost that you are in a private house. A bright fire burns in an open grate. Some fair lady is employing her talents at the piano in your service, and you enjoy some really good music, when one of the ladies asks are you to have a little dance or a small game of cards—the first at once, the latter when we are tired. After a short time small tables are

brought in, the guests group into little coteries each one retires when he will, after enjoying all the comforts of a home with the liberty of an hotel.

I must not forget to state that at the village, about a mile from the hotel, is a Roman Catholic Church and fine Ursuline Convent, a delightful boarding school for young ladies, who enjoy boating every day and pleasant little trips to an island now belonging to the Nuns. There is also a telegraph in the hotel, and any amount of vehicles and horses and boats for visitors—also cheaper boarding houses in the village for those who require them.

During the few days I stayed there, one or two funny incidents occurred. On one occasion I had an old man to drive me, when I said, "I hope it will not rain before we get home." "I hope it won't, indeed," he said, "I am not dry yet since yesterday." "How is that?" I asked. Said he: "I was out with that party from the hotel who when out fishing were so drenched, and the storm being so great I stayed by the hotel kitchen fire instead of going home to change; but, madame," as a sudden thought struck him, "you live at the hotel, is there a doctor living

there?" Having been there only a few hours, I did not know, but inquired why he asked. "The fact is, I hear that when people come from *Louisiana or Paris*, a party of ten always brings a doctor with them" (a party recently arrived just numbering ten), "and hearing that I had a son ill, one gentleman said if I would take him to see my son or bring my son to him, he would try and cure him." "Well," I asked, "have you done so?" "But no," he said, "he is English." (I spoke in French and he thought I was a French Canadian.) "What difference would that make?" Why, madame, do you think the English know anything?" "Well," I said, "perhaps a little; you might try the doctor." At the same time I was quite prepared to hear that he was a victim of some practical joke from his statement that every ten persons coming from Louisiana or Paris brought a doctor with them; I little expected the dénouement. "Oh! my son would not see him at all. He said, 'father, do you wish me to die at once?' But, madame, I would not have minded taking him to the doctor myself. You don't think that even though English he would have given him something to kill him at once?'

"Oh! no," I answered, "I am sure he would not do that." But my story does not end here. On entering the parlor, where several were seated, I addressed a peculiarly pleasant lady near me, and began to narrate for their benefit my conversation with the old driver, when I noticed my hearer give a kind of warning glance; and then she went off into a merry peal of laughter as the door opened and a gentleman popped in his head. "Come here, my dear, learn a lesson of humility. This, my dear lady, is my husband, Dr. Lovely" (I have learned since that he is one of the most well-known of American physicians); "he is the Englishman, who can't know anything."

The doctor, who enjoyed the joke, engaged the same driver next day to have his fun as much as anything. After a good deal of skirmishing, he elicited all from the old coachman, who, however, said, though English, if Dr. L—— was a Roman Catholic, he might induce his son to trust him, as he believed that the little bottles he showed him really contained *des remèdes*. I know that the doctor explained to him that, though not a Roman Catholic, he attended nearly all the members of that denomi-

nation in the United States, and there was some kind of negotiation going on when I left. They may have come to terms, and the boy cured, despite himself. Perhaps this poor old chap, living for many years utterly isolated from civilization, might have the same horror of *Les terribles Anglais* that the English peasantry had of Napoleon the First, who, when children were refractory, were threatened to be given to Bonaparte. And, now, as some of our English people may be hard on this old French-Canadian, I must tell you that the clergyman's wife, attached to some very prominent hospital in one of the large cities of the United States, said they came across sometimes very odd cases, and instanced that of a patient coming to the hospital, and, being ordered to take a bath, said he had never taken a bath in his life, and must go home and consult his wife. He went and never returned!!! This, in one of the largest cities of America. So don't too much despise the old backwoodsman's prejudice. As Mrs. Lovely most kindly invited me to pay her a visit, I may yet tell you more about this very true tale.

ST. LEON SPRINGS.

It is fully fifty years ago since my father took me to Three Rivers *en route* for St. Leon Springs. We were most hospitably received by Mr. Lajoie (father of the present dry goods merchant of Three Rivers), and his good lady, and Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice, father of the present gentleman of the same name. Of the party were, I think, Mr. Gingras, whose son, brother-in-law of Mr. Dorion, recently deceased, was the first I think to establish the reputation of these waters. After a sumptuous repast at Mr. Lajoie's, we were driven to St. Leon Springs, and this is what I remember of it then: a steep sandy hill, up which was walking a pale, thin young lady, whom my father pointed out to me as Miss G——; that lady has been in bed seven years, you see her walking now; whether the cure was permanent or not I have no means of ascertaining, but Mr. Campbell, late proprietor

of St. Leon Springs, told me only two weeks since that he remembered Miss G—— perfectly. Mr. Campbell further told me since that his father had noticed the cattle drinking at this spring, and finding it had a peculiar taste, had it analyzed, and gave to the public this boon for the afflicted, and health-preserving drink for the sick. We had tea that day at the Springs on a deal table, without table-cloth, seated on wooden benches, while carpenters were putting the roof on a large building we sat in. I presume this was the first hotel, rather a contrast to that of the present day, which is yearly crowded with an increased number of fashionable visitors from all parts of the Dominion, in search of health or amusement. This hotel has been very lately enlarged and fitted up with every modern convenience. Parties leaving Montreal by the Canadian Pacific Railroad, and getting off at Louiseville, will find vehicles waiting to take them to St. Leon Springs.

This lady just alluded to, Miss G——, was one of those peculiar patients one hears of in a lifetime, and, as all her near relatives are dead and few will recognize the initial, I will inform my readers that Dr. A——, one of my father's

physicians (now deceased), told me that she was afflicted with a kind of fit—cataleptic, I think, they called it—when she fell into a state so closely resembling death that two of Quebec's most prominent medical men were about to perform a post-mortem examination on her, when the slight quiver of an eyelid proved her still alive, and on her recovering she told them that, though unable to make the slightest motion, she had heard and seen all that had passed, and Dr. A—— was exceedingly indignant that such a subject should have been sent to him as an ordinary patient, as the same thing might have occurred again. He was, if I mistake not, then residing in Halifax, and he told me that all the instructions he received were to provide a suitable lodging for a nervous patient, who could afford to pay well for a quiet private residence. Accordingly, Dr. A—— persuaded a well-to-do Scotch farmer to take her as a boarder. For a time all went well, though she would go off into a sort of trance, when she lay apparently dead for perhaps three days and returned to conciousness, often cognizant of what had occurred during her semi-deathlike state. But on one occasion her second sight, if you can so term

it, was so great, she terrified the old people so, they begged the doctor to remove her, saying she was no canny. The facts were these:—On one occasion Miss G—— fell into her cataleptic state, and the doctor not expecting her to revive before a certain time, said he would not call till the following Thursday. But on the Tuesday, receiving a summons from a very old patient, twenty miles distant, he decided on calling on her *en route*. The weather being rainy, he asked for a covered vehicle, and the only one procurable was a shabby, very old-fashioned waggon. In the meantime, Miss G—— awoke from her trance, and said, "the doctor is coming." "No," said the mistress of the house; "he is not coming till Thursday." "He is coming now," said Miss G——, "he is at the red gate" (a gate some distance from the back of the house, and too far for any sound to reach)—"what a funny carriage he has." When he really drove up in this queer-looking vehicle, the landlady was so scared, she uttered that exclamation, "she is no canny," and insisted that board should be taken elsewhere. I offer no explanation—let the savants do that—I only narrate facts I vouch for.

MY SECOND VISIT TO ST. LEON SPRINGS.

Going by the Canadian Pacific Railroad to Louiseville, we took a trap awaiting at the station, and, after a drive over a rather pretty country road, arrived at St. Leon Springs. Alas! the season was over, only Mr. Thomas and his son, and Mr. Langlois, were there, and a few servants. Nevertheless, we saw enough to convince us what a delightful health resort this must be in summer. When I say health resort, I do not mean pleasure resort, though there is plenty of amusement for reasonable people, who would find pleasant companionship, dancing, music, drives, croquet, lawn-tennis sufficient for summer heat; but, we speak now of St. Leon Springs as a retreat for the really ill or convalescent, and as such it must simply be perfection. A large hotel, nicely kept, numerous bath-rooms, all fitted up with an abundant supply of St. Leon water for

bathing, excellent meals, well-cooked and nicely served, as we saw even during our brief and unexpected stay (I have never eaten such perfect home-made bread as there), with the drinking of these health-giving waters, must surely be of incalculable benefit. Twitting Mr. Langlois on the supposition that perhaps in cities the St. Leon water is in part manufactured, Mr. Langlois told us a funny incident. He said, I think it was in Toronto, he overheard some one saying, as his trucks came in loaded with barrels: "I wonder how much of this is manufactured?" On the impulse of the moment, Mr. L—— gave a hint to the carters to dump the casks on the pavement instead of taking them through the yard.

As anticipated, a policeman came up and remonstrated on impeding the sidewalk. Soon a crowd gathered. Just what Mr. L—— desired. When spoken to, he said: "Of course, it was an oversight, the water should have been taken into the yard; but as it was there, he would like to prove to the people assembled how genuine was the water, by tapping several barrels, and, igniting with a match the gas, said: "My friends, can any of you manufacture gas

in water to burn like this?" Mr. L—— is not by any means a man you would credit with being a religious enthusiast; but I will never forget the solemnity of the act, as, raising his hand towards Heaven, he uttered these words: "He who made these waters can alone make the gas."

Mr. Thomas, a wealthy gentleman, with his son, for health and occcupation, takes the management here. The latter, quite a sport, drove us with his blood horses to the station, at a pace that made me tremble. There a grand old-fashioned coach with four spanking horses waits at the railroad station to drive you in style to the hotel. Come and try them, my fast American friends. I will conscientiously stick to the old-fashioned one-horse buckboard —not elegant and hardly comfortable, but very safe.

ST. RAYMOND.

About eight years ago my dear husband and myself took rooms for the summer with a Mr. Ignace Déry, a carpenter. The house, a very large one of many buildings, was prettily situated on the banks of the river. Facing the house an immense barn indicated the prosperity of the farm. In course of conversation I remarked to Mr. D. how astonished I was to find such a handsome church, fine shops, and a musical choir, with a thriving village, in a place we had only heard of a few years before. "You will be more surprised, dear lady," he said, "when I inform you that I came here fifty years ago, a boy of fifteen, against my people's will, with another cousin, and broke the first road in what was all then bush." "How did you hear of this place at all?" "Well, from the Indians, and I went out with the surveyors and thought what a splendid place it was for a settlement, and said so, but my father would not hear of it. However, one day, my cousin,

Joseph Déry, said to me after church, 'Have you decided on coming to squat or take possession and make an opening on these lands?' 'My family will not hear of it,' I answered. 'Well, then, come without their leave; if they see you succeed, they will be quite satisfied.'" So Déry and his cousin started off right after mass, the equipment of the former being a loaf of bread and piece of pork procured from his sister, whom he let into the secret, about half a bag of potatoes for seed, a hatchet, and his working clothes and a little salt. The boys walked out about fifteen miles: the one, my friend Déry, remained at the east end, his cousin at the west. These two houses now form the boundary in a certain measure of the village of St. Raymond. Mr. Déry told me his first occupation was to plant some potatoes, then build a small hut, and he said for food he had only to dip a line into the river back of the site of his house to procure all the fish he needed. On this he lived, with fruit and a little flour procured later. Such was the commencement of this prosperous village. The cousin, Joseph Déry, still kept a few years ago intact his first cottage, though building a comfortable house beside it.

ANOTHER PIONEER.

In the autumn we moved for a month nearer the village, and occupied the house owned by Mr. Beaupré. It was a commodious dwelling, neatly furnished, and on my remarking a rather nice bureau in my room, and inquiring if they had a cabinet-maker in the village, my landlady answered, "Oh! my husband made that himself, and, though never apprenticed to any trade, built nearly the whole of this house himself," and then the old gentleman, pointing to the other side of the river, said, "Do you notice, madame, that clump of trees; well, beneath that rock is a cavern which I discovered and made a residence of when, as a boy of thirteen, I walked from St. Augustine across the country to there, to see what I could do for myself. I had no near relations, and determined if possible, by squatting, to get a home. I built a projecting porch, and lived for many a month in that cavern. I earned my living by doing odd jobs for the farmers, who came from some distance, and helped to row them over in a scow to St. Raymond proper, now the village, to get their horses

shod, and while waiting for their return, noticed how the blacksmiths worked; then it occurred to me how well a blacksmith would do on my side of the river (thus saving the crossing), and I commenced to learn, and here I am, the master of a comfortable home and several farms"—the reward of energy and favorable circumstances, which brought the railroad to their very doors, and with large stores opening for the supply of the railroad employees, and the influx of summer visitors, has made the desert blossom like a rose, and a charming village (the intersecting waters spanned by a pretty bridge), spring in a few years from the bush.

Mr. Panet, advocate, and his charming wife are residents here. Mr. P., representative and nephew of Mrs. Shakspeare, wife of General Shakspeare, daughter of Bernard Panet, of old Quebec memory.

OCTOBER 28, 1890.

I have just returned from St. Raymond and learnt some additional facts anent the Dérys I found interesting, and detail them for public

benefit. The daughter-in-law of Joseph Déry said her father-in-law was the first, except sportsmen and Indians, who had ever been to St. Raymond; a little pathway through the woods was their inroad. He started to find the River St. Anne, which runs through St. Raymond; he found his walk very fatiguing from Lorette, and arriving at the Cape, under which runs the St. John railway now, was delighted to find he was nearing his destination. He named the hill Cap Joyeuse, which name it still bears. On wishing to see the first cabin he had built, she said, by recent surveys, it would be situated in the middle of the river, as the waters of the St Anne river had gradually washed the bank away. The end of the first cottage built is still extant, every plank used in it being sawed by hand, and the portrait of Mr. Joseph Déry hangs on its walls.

ST. AUGUSTIN,

ABOUT 15 MILES WEST OF QUEBEC.

I do not know that I ever heard much of St. Augustin in my earlier days, except as the residence of Mr. Gale, an oldtime school master, who fixed his residence there, and taught many of the (after) prominent men of Quebec. His wife, a prim little lady of wax-doll complexion and flaxen hair done up in frizzes, was quite a character as well as her husband. A very kind-hearted little lady she was, with a peculiar gift of hospitality, and her cakes and home-made wine were of wide renown. Mr. Gale had a taste for antiquities; a small museum, in great part contributions of curiosities, the gifts of his admiring scholars, was one of his cherished parlor ornaments.

His was a school of the *ancien régime*, but in its best sense, though religiously a day was appointed for the pulling out of teeth, those for

administering sulphur and molasses and other time-honored medicines, happily or unhappily exploded.

Nevertheless, Mr. Gale's was a thoroughly comfortable home, and his students had a true regard for himself and good wife, testified often in later years by his *anciens élèves* constantly sending him contributions of rare articles to add to his collection.

ST. ANDRÉ—NEXT PARISH BELOW KAMOURASKA.

"In the days when we went gipseying a long time ago."

About seventy-five years ago or more a wealthy Englishman, John S. Campbell, came out from the old country and commenced a large business in lumber and ship building at the part of St. André called Pointe Sèche. Here he built a beautiful residence with every luxury and appliances then known, splendid walks in the shrubbery, beautiful gardens, and even a residence for a physician, as at that time there was a great deal of ship fever, and he employed a great number of workmen in his ship building and other mercantile business. He brought out his wife (with her lady's maid), who, accustomed to society life, must have been indeed startled at the contrast of her surroundings, for here she was virtually in a wilderness. It is true that, previous to the railroad from Quebec to the

lower ports, these same villages had much more life in a business point than to-day, for then all travellers stopped at the wayside inns, and there being no facilities for going or coming from Quebec, the shopkeepers who brought down in their schooners goods at certain seasons of the year did a fine business, and really large fortunes were made by many : an apt illustration of the truth of the vulgar old proverb, "that what is one man's meat is another man's poison," for the railroad, which is such a boon to the farmers and those bordering its route, has proved utterly destructive to the old-fashioned inns and shops on the old route, for the transfer being solely by vehicles, a regular influx of travellers was expected and received, thus giving life to the village and current cash.

Mr. J. S. Campbell and his lady becoming after some years thoroughly disgusted, abandoned the place, and so swiftly, I many years after, about forty years ago, found a book belonging to the family in the disused dining-room. I heard from one of the family to-day who own this lovely property now, and use it as a summer residence (Mrs. Rankin of Dorchester street), that a caretaker had been left in

charge of the property; if so, his conscience must have been very lax, for it was the custom of all those giving picnics at Kamouraska, who wished to do so, to use the house as well as the grounds, and to simply walk in at open doors and take temporary possession. Well, on one occasion my father-in-law's family had a kind of picnic, but, though going up to the Campbell grounds, had brought their provisions to a neat little wayside inn a short distance from the mill and wharf built by the aforesaid J. S. Campbell; and as I always preferred a quiet read to those excursions (I fear I am naturally rather lazy), I said I would await their return at the small hotel—its quiet and cleanliness were very inviting. "But," said Mr. McP. (I think I hear the words as he addressed me often in fun), "Mistress Charlotte, if you stay behind, you are responsible for the dinner." I promised in good faith, and with a firm resolve of doing my duty, that all should be in order on their return, and, telling the landlady at what hour lunch must be ready, made arrangements for an hour of delightful repose, by ensconcing myself into the most cosy of sofas with an interesting novel. As the old grandmother's clock tolled forth the

midday hour, it struck me I had better see how the dinner was progressing for the hungry folks expected soon. Fortunately, I did not delay, for, to my dismay, I found the lamb-chops put to boil, and the green peas frying in the frying-pan. By hastily changing their positions, I managed matters so as to disguise my carelessness, and so all was well that ends well.

A thoroughly respectable house like the Campbell House, of Pointe Sèche, could not be without its ghost, and it's doubly guaranteed by having two of them: one a lady who is heard to moan and sob and say she was shut up from every one (it is presumed Mrs. C., who, instead of dying of ennui and country fare, took the more sensible plan of returning to England); the other, the apparition of a gentleman, supposed to have been murdered because he disappeared—a rejected suitor put on board a vessel by Mr. C. for making too violent love to a cousin and quarrelling with a more favored lover. I have exorcised several ghosts already, and would like to try my observations on those inhabitants of a higher, or, more likely, our earthly sphere, to whom the unoccupancy of this fine mansion might be a convenience.

LES EBOULEMENTS.

So called from the tremblings of constant earthquakes, which with apparent volcanic action has thrown up hill after hill so steep. I can compare the ascent and descent to nothing else but a winter sleighing slide. In fact, the hills are almost perpendicular, and almost inaccessible to a nervous party, who in descending feels as if he must fall on the horse's tail, and ascending drop out of the cart behind. Yet to the young and active it is a wild, lovely summer resort, its unusual scenery presenting a most pleasurable and novel spectacle. In fact, my friends, if you have a desire to visit Switzerland and cannot compass it, just go to Les Eboulements, and very little imagination will help you to transport yourself there. Cradled in mist, perched on some rocky elevation, with the simple people about you, you can easily deem yourself in the land of William Tell. But, did I say simple? yes, with a spice of modern craft, for I well remember a friend being ill asking me, as it was a non-

licensed place, to ask the landlady for a little stimulant of any kind, as she might give it to me instead of a gentleman. The answer to my demand was the query, "What would you have?" 'Well, if possible, port wine," and a bottle of excellent quality was forthcoming, and also the remark, "if more is required, in fact, as much as is necessary can be obtained. We have plenty for our own use." As these people were great fish traders with St. Pierre Miquelon, in view of recent developments as to the smuggling business I have my thoughts, but as I believe in free trade between all nations, and I should think it no sin to smuggle myself, I do not condemn them.

Apropos of smuggling, a funny incident came under my observation. A young married cousin some years ago lived on the border dividing Canada from the United States, and while (with the fresh memory of the Fenian raids) countenanced, as was said, by the Americans, expressed great dislike to Brother Jonathan. He dubbed her a thorough Yankee, and she proved herself a very cute one. Well, these ladies had been accustomed under lax custom house discipline to drive over to St. Albans and purchase many

effects, cotton especially, at a very much less price than on Canadian soil, and were very indignant when a new official was appointed, who openly boasted that no tricks would be played upon him. That was enough for my sprightly cousin. She arranged a plan with her sister, went over in a light waggon, and when stopped at the frontier by the aforesaid young clerk on her return, who, with many apologies, requested leave to search her vehicle, answered in a tone of impatience, "Well, search my waggon as much as you please, but don't wake my baby." She held in her arms a good-sized baby in long clothes, a heavy veil covering the face The official searched and found nothing contraband. He was, however, very much disgusted to hear later that the baby was a mass of dress and cotton goods, and that Mrs. K., as she walked up and down the platform soothing her supposed infant, was inwardly chuckling over her clever trick played on the too confident custom house clerk.

SOCIETY IN QUEBEC FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Fifty years ago Quebec was a prominent military station, and from that circumstance, as well as the fact that it counted amongst its members so many of the truly good old French families of the *ancienne noblesse*, there was then none of that petty jealousy between French and English. They had fought valiantly, but when peace was declared they shook hands heartily and became friends. The English reserve was tempered by French suavity, and as Captain Warburton, in his Stadacona *Feuilleton*, says, "There were such a number of pretty girls in Quebec, and so attractive, such pleasant manners, combining maidenly reserve with refined out-spokenness, they were irresistible, and some English mammas, it was said, murmured sadly when they heard their darling sons were to be sent to Canada, fearing they would be effectually

captured, as they certainly would be, in the silken but enduring nets of the fair demoiselles; however, they must have been satisfied eventually, for the ladies of whom the military gentlemen deprived us of have done credit to their native city."

Old Quebecers will remember Miss L., wife of General Elliot; Miss A., wife of General Pipon; Miss P., wife of General Shakspeare, and dozens of others; but I have before me at least twenty beautiful and accomplished ladies, our society belles who accompanied the red coats to England. What a different aspect Quebec wore when the military were first taken away! it seemed as if the silence of death reigned, and why all should have been taken has ever been an unanswered question.

Of people prominent in society in my early days were Mr. Lemesurier, Judge McCord, Mr. Berthelot (he gave me a French grammar, I remember, he had published; he was father-in-law of Sir Louis LaFontaine), Mr. Faribault, the Hon. John Malcolm Fraser, Mr. Symes, whose pretty and amiable daughter married the son of the Empress Eugenie's trusty friend, the Marquis de Bassano.

Besides the house occupied by the Hon. George Primrose, there was at that time but one small house used by the military, and now the site of the splendid residence of the Hon. Mr. Thibodeau, facing the Governor's garden. At the intersecting street facing the river is the old Langham house, still occupied by her grand-daughter, Mrs. T.; a few doors from there the residence of Chief Justice Bowen, whose ladies entertained a great deal, and one of whose daughters was the wife of the late Rev. Mr. Houseman.

We will take a skip now to where Palace gate formerly stood, and watch G. H. Parke, Esq., a noted whip (father of Dr. Parke), and see him guide his tandem through one of the sally-ports to the houses of the members of the tandem, who could in vain hope to follow him. Mr. P., who delighted in guiding the club through most intricate places, had taken the measure of the sally-port and knew his cariole would pass through, and thus triumphantly headed the others, who feared to follow him. Should he read this account of his old exploit, I am sure it would yet bring up a smile.

The remembrance of this feat recalls a story

I have heard of the time of the noted Chamberlain gang. There were no houses at one time between the grand house here and a large one opposite St. Patrick's church, at that time occupied by Miss or Mrs. M., an elderly lady of ample means, who occupied the present residence of J. Scott, Esq., formerly the home of Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice. This Chamberlain was the leader of a notorious gang, who for some time held Quebec in a state of terror; their rapacity, cruelty and audacity exceeded anything ever before seen, and they continued their course with impunity till a most providential circumstance caused their discovery. Well, one of their exploits was to get one of their gang into Mrs. M.'s as ostensible man servant to rob the house. Late at night one of the maids discerned a light in the basement and heard voices, indicating that there were robbers in the dwelling. She thought for a moment of trying to run and get help from the guard, but fearing that unlocking the back door might arouse the burglars, she decided on barricading the room in which her mistress slept, hoping to be able to call for help to some passer-by; but alas! none came;

the robbers came up, quickly destroyed her barricade, and though she fought bravely with some fire-wood,—the only weapon at her hand—was overpowered, gagged, tied up with her mistress in a carpet, and so left for hours. When the milkman and butcher came and called ineffectually for admittance, the doors were forced, and they were released after much suffering; such was a sample of some of their exploits.

Leaving St. Patrick's church, nearly opposite this residence, we go on to and up Esplanade Hill, till we come to a pretty little church, and it was the sacrilege perpetrated here that was the cause of their discovery. Amongst other articles they had stolen a solid silver statue of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Every effort was made to trace the thieves, but ineffectually, till the curiosity of an old country woman found them out. Somewhere, I think, back of Point Levis, there lived a Canadian farmer, whose old domestic had become very much disgusted at the changed aspect of the home—from a respectable, quiet domicile it had become a most disorderly house; half intoxicated people coming in and out at all hours, arriving with

carioles loaded with things kept out of her sight. She noticed that she was always sent off while they unloaded, and they made their way to a hut in the woods built for boiling maple sugar, and that huge fires were built, though no sugar was made. Finally, she followed the gang secretly, and went close enough to hear, though not to see, what was going on, and overheard these words uttered: "I am very sorry for you, my poor little virgin, but you must boil in the pot too. Ah! I'll keep this little finger to remember you by." Horrified beyond expression, the old woman returned swiftly to the house and kept a terrified watch; her master came in, and most of the men drove off; but the one whose voice she had recognized was so intoxicated that he fell into a heavy sleep, and out of his pocket fell the tiny silver finger of the statue. Seizing the first opportunity, she sought the parish priest and told him all. He at once connected the small finger with the recent church robbery, enjoined the most absolute silence on the woman, and advised her for her own sake as well as that of others to go about her work as usual and so excite no suspicion. In the

meantime he communicated with the authorities, who wisely determined to make no display of their knowledge, as the silver was melted and all traces destroyed; but on the occasion of the next burglary, a posse of police instantly surrounded the place, and effectually captured in time the whole gang, several of whom were hanged.

They owed their long immunity to the fact that several people of position were implicated. Some, against their will, too terrified to break from them. One man, on the scaffold, confessed that a young man unwarily brought into their meshes had begged leave to be permitted to break off from them on his taking oath never to betray them. A seeming acquiescence was yielded, and an appointment made to take a row on the river to negotiate where no one could overhear their conversation. As soon as out of sight and sound the man confessed he had silenced him effectually by a knock on the head and a pitch into the river.

Leaving the little church on the Esplanade, on reaching St. Ann, and turning to the left, at the top of Ursule hill, you find a double brown house, with peculiar pointed turret windows.

Here I lived when about eight years old, but most distinctly do I remember its surroundings. Come in and sit with me in the end parlor window and I will point out to you Colonel (afterwards General) Macdonald, in his brave uniform, the picture of dignity, coming down the steps of the building formerly occupied by Dr. Boswell; also the house where Dr. Lemieux now lives, some officers (Guards, I think) had their quarters, and pretty lively quarters they were. Most of these gentlemen were rich, young, full of fun, and quite regardless of consequences. One of their eccentricities was to insist on a favorite horse being brought in by the front door and harnessed in one of the large rooms off the entrance. I used to watch these proceedings with great glee. No doubt they paid richly for their whistle when settling day came with their landlord. But they could well afford to pay for their pranks.

Opposite this house, the door facing Ann street is still the solid residence, the home some years since of the much-lamented Judge Alleyne; in the early days I speak of, the house of Mr. Le Mesurier, a merchant then, but previously an officer in ——, and carrying

a reminder of the same in an empty sleeve, a noble mark of valor.

To be a good carver was then an absolute necessity, for all carving was done at table, and Mr. Le Mesurier piqued himself on always discharging this duty himself, which he did most skillfully by means of a peculiarly constructed knife and fork. Once seated at a side-table I had been invited to tea with some of the younger members of the family), I watched him do so with great admiration. I do not recall precisely who else were there; but one figure is specially impressed on my memory, that of Mrs. Kerr (mother of the late Judge Kerr), a very stately lady in pink silk and high white plumes.

Mrs. Le Mesurier, although at the head of fashionable society, was one of the old-time good housekeepers. I think I see her now with her keys in hand, giving directions to some domestic. She had a large family—all popular; but the two special favorites were, I think, Miss Harriet, who is married to General Elliot, and Henry Le Mesurier, whose former lovely residence on the St. Lewis road still exists. He had a peculiarly winning charm of manner,

inherited, as I saw in a very short interview I had with him, by his son George.

I will now take you up the Esplanade and stop at a cut-stone house on the corner of St. Lewis road, once used as the residence of the Lieut.-Governor. It was conveniently situated, and there was great indignation expressed when the project was mooted of buying Spencer Wood, for, though in most respects suitable, many said it was too far, for those whose position entitled them to vice-regal entertainments would find horse hire a heavy tax. For, my friends, in those early days the almighty dollar was not worshipped as now; in fact, very few of those moving in the highest society were rich—good family, culture and education were the tests, and no amount of money would have introduced a vulgar person into the charmed circle; in fact, permission to subscribe to the Quebec assemblies was a matter of almost as great moment as admittance to old London Almacks. An instance of which may be found in this over-true tale told me by an aged aunt who knew all the circumstances. Briefly, it was this: A rich tradesman lived on Mountain Hill, who had a pretty wife, who, not content with every needful luxury for her happi-

ness, must needs sigh for, to her, the unattainable (that was *entrée* to the castle). On one occasion a military gentleman of high position who owed this tradesman some money said he regretted the circumstance, and that if he would give him time he would do anything possible for him in return. "Well," said Mr. Blank, "if you could do something for my wife, I should not only consider the bill paid, but be grateful too." "What is asked?" said the colonel. "Just this: you see, sir, my wife is young, and has taken it into her foolish little head she must get to one of the castle balls. Could you get her in?" "Nothing easier, my dear sir; on my arm she can come in unquestioned." So grand preparations were made by the lady, and at the appointed time she went to the castle, triumphant, on her cavalier's arm, advanced to the door where the cards of admission were received, when the official in waiting said, "Enter, colonel, but Mrs. ——-is not known here, where is her invitation?" Mortified to death, it was said that Mrs. Blank, unwilling to facethe occupants of the ladies' dressing-room, turned and fled precipitately in her slippers and without her outward wraps, rushed home, and that chagrin

and cold brought on a severe illness that resulted in consumption. On her death-bed, unable to forgive the wound to her pride, she made her daughter promise that, eschewing all thoughts of love, she would promise her to marry only a man of such position she would be able to look down on those who had snubbed her mother. Being young, rich and pretty, this young girl accepted an aged man of very high rank, refusing one of the finest young men in Quebec, of whom she was fond, and commenced a life of unhappiness with a gentleman who in his dotage made her live almost a recluse in the country, and dress up and go through the drill as if he were commanding still.

His death finally rescued her from such a life, but by that time her nervous system had become so thoroughly unhinged, her mind gave way, and the last I knew of her was her being sent to the lunatic asylum, having no child or relative to care for her. A sad comment on an ill-placed mother's ambition.

At the opposite corner of said stone house was a pretty little residence occupied at one time and owned by the late Major Temple, adjoining which was his father-in-law's residence, the late

Hon. Chief Justice Jonathan Sewell. Both these houses still stand, but in vain I look for the pretty lace curtains, and the two parrots on their stands, calling to you through the bright flowers in the window of the late Major Temple's residence. As an old Quebecer I am ashamed to say that pretty house has been the one blot on the whole of Quebec's loveliest street. It has been turned into a petty candy shop, a couple of bottles of sweets, two or three sugar-sticks and halfpenny cakes, and a notice, "Registry Office for Servants," replaces the view of the parrots and flowers. Were I rich I should purchase the property myself, and for old times let some one occupy it who would keep up somewhat its former appearance. Such a thing would not have occurred in Montreal. The Montrealers have too much ambition for their city to let it deteriorate, and consequently property becomes more valuable every day. Why, to think Americans should have been permitted to carry off bodily the house where Montgomery's body was laid and are making a fortune out of it, having set it up as an Indian curiosity shop in some part of the States. Why not have done it here?

Strolling on through the beautiful St. Louis

Gate, past the new armory, certainly a credit to the old city, and past rows of handsome new houses, we come to a solid looking building with a golden lion sign. When I looked at it, I wondered if it was chosen to beguile the innocent into the impression that they were at the old chien d'or. It does not need that it has memories enough of its own, for here lived the late A. Joseph, Esq., and his amiable wife, one of the most charming of hostesses, and who gave us any number of pleasant parties, but almost every house on that street (then, as now, quite a fashionable one) is associated with pleasant recollections. The one just inside the toll gate on the left was then occupied by Capt. Charles Campbell, a retired officer of Her Majesty's 99th, I think, father of our old friend, A. C., joint Prothonotary of Quebec.

Mr. Le Moine, in his able work, "The Explorations of Eastern Latitudes," by Jonathan Old Buck, F. G. S. Q., so graphically depicted the Plains of Abraham and its surroundings, I can but touch on old personal memories, which as they please me in writing, for I live but in the past, may serve to amuse you, my

readers, in an idle hour. I will now stop at Spencer Wood, and visit the pretty home of our favorite author.

The house at present occupied by Judge Bossé, Quebec, was fitted up in 1860 for Lord Monck, Spencer Wood having been burnt down on 12th March, 1860. Spencer Wood residence having been rebuilt and fitted up in accordance with the requirements of a permanently selected vice-regal residence, was successively occupied bythe following parties:

Sir Edmund Head, 1860; Lord Monck, 1861; Sir N. F. Belleau, Lieut.-Governor, 1867; Hon. R. E. Caron, Lieut.-Governor, afterwards Sir R. E. Caron, 1870; Hon. Luc Letellier, 1878; Hon. Theodore Robitaille, 1879; Hon. Mr. Masson, 1884; Hon. Auguste Réal Angers, 1889, who married in April, 1890, Emelie Le Moine, daughter of the late Alex. Le Moine, who now resides there, Oct. 15th, 1890.

SPENCER GRANGE, RESIDENCE OF JAMES MACPHERSON LE MOINE, F.R.L.C.

You drive through a pretty road, heavily lined with trees, but through the foliage discern a neat cottage at the left, frequently occupied by the pastors of St. Michael's church. On the right, facing the grass plots and bedded in trees stands a very pretty residence, quite spacious inside, and containing every comfort and elegance, presided over by a charming hostess and her daughters. Mrs. L., the most amiable of ladies, spares no fatigue in showing you all that can interest, and there is a great deal to see at the Grange. The parlor windows look on a lawn skirted with various trees, where many a wild bird makes its nest, and looking outwards, and listening to their varied notes, you could fancy yourself in a deep wood. From a pretty dining-room you pass through a passage lined with marble

busts of the ancient heroes of Greece and Rome, into the grapery, where the heavy clusters of grapes look too lovely to be plucked. An aviary adjoins this, and at times the soft cooing of doves mingles with the other caged inmates and the notes of the wild birds in the adjacent shrubbery. All is so quiet here, you might fancy yourself miles from civilization. It is a fitting home for a literary man, and bears everywhere an impress of elegance and refinement. Mr. Le Moine has some very curious heads of rare animals and numerous trophies of the chase and rare birds sent by admiring friends. The odor of the new-mown hay and the varied scent of the flowers complete the charm of this pretty home. Amongst other curiosities, Mr. Le Moine has the original key of one of the city gates, which has been presented to him. It is a very ponderous looking affair.

SOCIETY IN 1854.

We will take a stroll back, citywards, coming down the Esplanade, about the year 1850. We notice, as we near the Esplanade, the sound of the band in full force. The Esplanade benches are crowded with ladies. From the windows of many houses, spectators look on the gay scene; while lord and lady, cavalier and belle, pass to and fro to enjoy the military music and a chat with their acquaintances. The militia, in some measure, replace the regular army, but with a difference: the latter were, as a general rule, men of wealth, culture, travel, and leisure with little else to do but make themselves, agreeable to the ladies, which they did so successfully as to arouse the ire of the civilians. Even from the few houses that face the Esplanade alone, one, at least, and, as in the family of Sheriff Sewell (now occupied by Mr. Hunt), no less than three, if not four, were carried off by English officers; and from houses nearly

adjoining went Miss Panet, Miss Healy, two Misses Motz, the handsome Miss Joly, Miss Bradshaw, Miss Maxham; and a few doors around the corner, on St. Anne street, Miss Ashworth.

Amongst the noted belles living on the Esplanade were the handsome Burrage ladies and the Misses Mackenzie, whose father met his death in a very sad manner. There was a house situated on the St. Louis road called the "H—— House," where (there being very large rooms to let for picnic use) were often held evening entertainments. On one occasion the bachelors gave us a ball there. It was a lovely moonlight night, but very cold, and, wherever there was little snow, glare ice. Mr. Mackenzie and his daughters drove out in safety to the door; but, on alighting, he slipped and broke his leg. Being a man beyond middle age, he never quite recovered. The shock was, I think, the prime cause of his death.

C. E. Levy, Esq., occupied the house, former corner of St. Anne and the Esplanade. The first house opposite, on St. Anne street, was then the residence of Captain, afterwards Admiral Boxer, and the propinquity was so favorable,

he induced the handsome daughter of Captain B—— to change her father's home for his. His widow now owns one of Quebec's most beautiful and costly residences on the St. Louis road. The house now occupied by Sir William Meredith was, when I was a child, the house of Judge, after Sir William Stuart. His daughter, most kindly I remember, sent me a doll, dressed in crimson satin, velvet and train, to represent Her Majesty. Its gorgeousness is still before me. The corner house above that was at one time occupied by Mrs. White, whose two handsome daughters married the brothers G—— and another took captive a favorite army doctor. One, her pretty young niece, if I mistake not, Miss McG——, afterwards Mrs. B——, lived with her here.

Some years later one sees the erect, handsome old gentleman, Town-Major Knight, taking his daily stroll always arm-in-arm with one of his sons, as hale and hearty a year or two before his death as he was almost twenty years before. One of his daughters still resides in Quebec, the wife of our old but always young friend, Henry A——.

It gives me so much pleasure to recall

these old days, to people the streets of my old birthplace with dead and gone friends, who come up so vividly before my mental vision, I could sit for hours and bring them up before you; but to strangers this would be wearisome, so I'll only glance at one or two more, and then, with a few hasty memories of some of our most eminent Quebec gentlemen, turn from the past to the present. I cannot close without speaking of two gentlemen who occupied such a prominent place in gay society, Messrs. Angers and Lelièvre, lawyers, partners and near neighbors. We always looked to them for a succession of most agreeable entertainments. If I am not mistaken, at the time they lived on Haldimand hill, and before they purchased the St. Louis hotel, it was divided into two houses,—one occupied by that gay old gentleman, Mr. Burroughs and his family, one of whose handsome daughters, Cecil, not long deceased, married the Hon. Mr. Garneau; the other still lives, I think, in Paris (Mrs. Kimber). His son John, a very quiet looking gentleman, most unexpectedly carried off our great society belle at that time, the lovely Leda L., from numerous competitors, mother of Madame

Masson, wife of the late Governor Masson. But if I go on to speak of all the pretty girls of which we could boast at that time, I should go on for ever, so I will present to you a slight sketch of some of our most prominent men. Of Hon. George Okill Stuart, Sir James Stuart, and Hon. Henry Black so much has been written that I will only mention their names, and give you a slight sketch of Mr. Faribault, a most genial gentleman, of particularly courteous manners, very literary, of good old French family, and universally respected. He lived in the old house on whose site is built that now occupied by his only child and daughter, who married Quebec's famous artist, Mr. Hamel. Mr. Hamel had a most particular gift for catching likenesses, demonstrated when quite a boy. He died unfortunately quite young, leaving a son and daughter, who with their mother reside in her father's old home.

Charles Gethings, son of Captain James Gethings, an Irish officer of the old 100th Regiment, was born in Bona Vista, Newfoundland, and came to this country with his father. His first residence was that occupied formerly by Hon. George Primrose. Captain Gethings was

stricken with paralysis while mounting guard at Hope Gate, and died at the fourth house on the right hand going up towards the Fabrique. His son Charles, after being employed a short time in the Commissariat, then with Gillespie, Moffatt & Co., Montreal, subsequently in the City Bank of Quebec, spent many years as manager of the Quebec Bank, Quebec, receiving to the day of his death a liberal pension from the Quebec Bank. A kind father, a scrupulously upright man, the family all honor his memory. He sleeps in St. Matthew's churchyard vault.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1840—IN QUEBEC.

Old Time, with customary speed,
Has passed us on his flying steed,
And once again a New Year's day
Now greets us smiling bright and gay.

My young friends, I live so little in the present, so much in the past, I hardly know the customs of modern society, but I am not so totally out of the world as not to be conscious that old-time hospitalities on that day are quite relegated to the past, and happily the cake and wine given once so freely are no longer fashionable, for I think now with amaze of our ancient customs, and wonder how, having partaken of the lavish hospitality of these old days, any of our beaux could have got home without the aid of Dickens' traditional wheelbarrow. As it may amuse you I will just give you a picture of New Year's day as kept about forty years ago. Well, I cannot state what precise year, but one New Year's day the courtyard of the English Cathe

dral was a mass of glare ice, just like a skating rink, and no lady could go to service at the English cathedral without the assistance of a well-shod beau to help her to keep her equilibrium, and after service return with me to the home of one of our city belles. You will find the mother of the family in full dress, seated in a comfortable arm chair, a bright fire burning in the grate, magazine in hand, to while away the hour when the ready attendant will usher in the first visitor. A couple of young ladies beside her, in full dress, pink, blue or gray satin or silk décolleté, a heavy gold chain or valuable watch visible attached to a handsome gold watch hook on the side of the dress, a bouquet holder in one hand, and embroidered handkerchief and white kid gloves and numerous bracelets, they sit with all the indifference it is possible to simulate, till the announcement of Mr. A, soon followed by B, C, D, and E, till the room is so crowded only the compliments of the season can be exchanged before with a bow one gentleman gives place to another, and so numerous are the visitors in some favored houses, perhaps even eighty in a day, one of the family surreptitiously takes

the names for future recognizance, and woe be to the unfortunate swain whom forgetfulness or too much occupation may have prevented from paying his respects; he will surely be left out of the list of invites for the next ball. And yet, poor unfortunate, he cannot leave the house without taking from the hand of the fair lady of the house a glass of wine, and that offer he was expected to accept perhaps at twenty or thirty houses. A year or two later it was considered bon ton to offer nothing in the parlor, but an obsequious waiter tendered ale, wines and other delicacies, catching the departing visitor in a parlor near the hall door. This was something better. A gentleman could refuse a waiter's demand—not so easily a lady's. Still later, about fifteen years ago, I well remember the Rev. Mr. Hébert, of Kamouraska, asking as a personal favor and a mark of respect to himself that none of his parishioners should offer temptation to the weak in the form of stimulant to New Year's visitors, and he very lucidly expressed himself in these terms: "You say some of you are advised by your physician to take wine, well, that is all right, and put your liquor beside your pills, and as you do not think it

necessary to give physic to all your friends because the doctor orders it for you, neither do I think the tonic that may do you good necessary to sow broadcast to those to whom it may prove a bitter poison." This was particularly hard on a character in the village we had dubbed Monseigneur because he served a former Bishop, and being wealthy he piqued himself on bringing something new for New Year, and his last purchase had been a valuable liquor stand. He was heart-broken. Being a very pious man he was deeply chagrined to think he could not display his new purchase, till he was once more elevated to the summit of happiness by the suggestion that raspberry vinegar, lime juice and lemon syrup would look equally well in his fine caraffe.

A POINT OF HONOR.

It must be fifty-two years ago fully when I first remember the house now occupied by Mr. O'Hare as a first-class private boarding house. Its rear faces the Citadel, its front looks into the barrack yard of the former barracks on St. Louis street, now occupied by Major Forrest. Well, this house was then occupied, and I think owned, by a very dear uncle, the late Charles Adolphus H. I say, I think owned, because I perfectly remember the rocks in rear being blasted to make a stable and the building of an extension with vaulting apparatus and so forth for the young people's recreation, and this extension adjoined the nursery where presided a female nurse of wonderful imaginative powers, who, when the twilight gathered, and we begged for stories, detailed for our benefit horror after horror—her only idea of entertainment for young children. Well, in the garret of this old house my dear grand-uncle found a large ledger, very

strongly bound. On the outer pages were these words: "I implore whoever finds this volume to keep it until the year ———, when, if not reclaimed, then burn it unless he would incur the curse of a dead man, for by that time all interested and for whom this book is kept must be dead." The leaves were crossed with red tape, and every here and there sealed with red sealing wax, but by breaking off a bit of wax we could read a few words, and though I do not remember why, we seemed to associate their meaning with some record of the North-West. Devoured by curiosity, we young people, too afraid of the curse to openly destroy the seals, devised every plan to ascertain the contents, and one of them was to give the book to the younger children of the family as a plaything, hoping they would break them open and the contents be exposed; but alas! one day my dear grand-uncle came upon the scene, fathomed our project, and put a stop for all time to our endeavors by putting said ledger in the stove, and watched it while it burnt. Was this absolutely necessary? Did the most rigid scrupulousness demand this? I don't know how others will answer. For myself, if I had the book before

me now I would read its contents, and then judge whether I should divulge its secrets or not in the interest of the public. What a field of conjecture is open here! This book contained records of the North-West. Of what? Do you remember, my friends, an article that appeared in the papers very many years ago, saying that a voyageur had discovered somewhere in the far north an old white-haired gentleman, the Rev. Ebenezer Williams, who claimed to be the son of the unfortunate Dauphin, son of the decapitated Louis XVI., and whose devoted followers had rescued from prison and substituted a pauper, and at great personal risk brought the unfortunate boy to America and placed him for safe keeping with an Indian tribe, and leaving documents to prove his identity should there ever appear a chance of his claiming the throne. But as years rolled on, and no prospect of his being recalled to the throne, and his protectors being dead, he had been educated as a clergyman and served as missionary till his death. In fact, it was only when on his deathbed these facts were discovered. Had this book—a very closely written volume—anything to do with him? God only knows!

COUNTRY POST OFFICES FORTY AND FIFTY YEARS AGO.

Our ancestors must have been very honest in rural parts, and had unlimited faith in each other's integrity, judging by the early post offices. The first one I remember was that of Murray Bay, when on the arrival of the bag its contents were dumped on the floor and every one picked out the letters for themselves and friends, and enacted the part of voluntary carriers for their friends, and very curious were the articles then transmitted through the post office, the mail bags then doing the present express service. A relative told me that he was somewhere in the Gaspé district when the carrier arrived with the bags he had carried a long distance on his back, and using rather hard language at the unwonted weight of the bag, and curious to see what was the cause of this extraordinary weighty mail, when lo! out tumbled two immense wild geese, sent as a

present by the Hon. W. H. to a friend. Fancy the dénouement and the wrath of the old Scotchman, who had borne the weight on a long tramp through a pathway in the forest.

One of the most curious experiences I ever had occurred about ten years ago, when I went with my family to a rural summer resort. We were several miles from the post office, and had very steep hills to climb on every side, so I wished to kill two birds with one stone, and decided to go to the post office after church service. I did so, and inquired for a registered letter I expected. After a few minutes inquiry the maitre de poste said: "Yes, there is a registered letter for you, but I can't find it, but it is all right, it is in the book." "Well," I said, as the assistant was absent and might possibly have said letter in charge, "I'll call back after afternoon service." I did so, but again the letter could not be found. "You'll probably be passing in a week or so, won't you call in then, by that time I have no doubt we'll have it for you." "But," I said, "that won't do. I am a stranger here and need the money." "Ah! madame" (they were French Canadians), "we are very sorry to inconvenience you, and if you will say how much you need

will be happy to advance you the cash, as by our books you are entitled to some." I could not feel angry with these simple people, they were evidently so honest and true. Yet, as I wanted my letter, with home news, as well as the cash, I proposed that we should make a search in the post office, which was also a shop of general merchandise. So, after looking through box after box, some suggested looking in the cellar, as an ill-fitting trap door with wide cracks was directly under the official desk. The cellar, however, did not contain the missing document, and I was almost in despair of recovering for some time my lost property, when a happy inspiration came to me, and I inquired if they sold envelopes. "Ah! oui, madame," they did, and among the envelopes ready to be sold at about a cent a piece was my letter containing fifty dollars cash, which, minus my persistence, might have found its way into the pocket of some honest or dishonest purchaser. But all is well that ends well, and I parted from my post office friends with expressions of mutual regard, and fearing to do them harm, believing so fully in their integrity, I never spoke of the matter; but when, some years later,

I heard the Post Office Inspector had made radical changes, I thought it was beneficial to the general public.

THE SUBTERRANEAN PASSAGES OF THE CITADEL, QUEBEC.

In the year ——, the late lamented Lieut. Fayrer, ordinance officer, came to Quebec on a tour of inspection as to supplies needed (accompanied by his wife, Lizzie Henshawe, a cousin). He asked us if we would like to accompany him through the underground passages of the Citadel, very rarely open to visitors. We gratefully accepted the offer, and so well guarded was the secrecy of these premises, it was with the utmost astonishment the soldiers present heard that underneath their Citadel were miles of underground passages for transfer in case of siege, large rooms for the refuge of women and children, and places for the safe depositing of treasure. We accompanied him, and I remember going down stairs intersected with heavy iron doors and through long passages with only outlets for muskets to give light, then into large damp underground chambers for a safe.

I cannot tell the length we went through of dark passage, but it was some considerable distance, and the rooms are quite large, I suppose capable of each holding fifty people. I have heard it said (but can't vouch for the truth), that these passages have an outlet on the St. Lawrence at one end, and the Martello towers at the other. I have no doubt such is the case. The underground passages are bombproof, and no sound can be heard from them. A soldier forgotten there once gave himself up to die, until he remembered he might be missed at roll call. Such was the case, and his life thus saved. The passages are underneath the Citadel at Cape Diamond, so called because at one time great quantities of an inferior diamond were found there. I remember when the Cape quite shone with them, and many old people have handsome jewellery made from these gems. There is one street of houses opposite the Cape about fifty-five years ago occupied by the following parties: the late Chas. Gethings, the late Col. Dyde, John Carleton Fisher, William Patton and Col. Gore, father of the present Countess of Errol. A small house on the off side, occupied by a waiter, is the spot where is the present High School of Quebec.

THE FIRST ST. PATRICK'S SOCIETY IN QUEBEC.

Ireland, so prominent at the present time, especially appeals to favorable remembrance of all her true people, and it may prove interesting to many of my readers to hear something of the first St. Patrick's Society ever formed in Quebec. I therefore copy for public benefit the very interesting account of its first doings, given me by an old friend :—

"In the year 1836 a few Irish gentlemen met in a small house in the Upper Town market place to form a St. Patrick's Society without reference to church or creed, but merely for the purpose of rendering assistance to any of their countrymen who might be requiring help or advice. Those gentlemen present on that occasion were as follows :—

The Hon. Dominick Daly, then Secretary of the Province.

The Hon. George Pemberton, merchant.

The Hon. Mr. Cochrane, brother-in-law to Bishop Mountain.

Sir Henry Caldwell, Baronet.

Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., merchant.

Charles Gethings, Esq., of the Bank, Quebec.

Edward Bowen, Esq., son of Judge Bowen.

Edward Ryan, Esq., merchant, and Mr. O'Meara, Custom House.

"These gentlemen formed the St. Patrick's Society, and the subscription was to be five shillings each, annually. They also decided to have an annual dinner every anniversary. The first president was the Hon. D. Daly, and their first dinner was in a building where now stands the Russell House. The subscription to the dinner was to be six dollars, to make the meeting as select as possible, and to be paid out of the subscribers' own pockets without reference to the annual subscription. The next president was the Hon. George Pemberton, and that dinner took place in the Albion Hotel in Palace street. The third president was Sir H. Caldwell; they dined in the same building, the Albion. The fourth president was George Holmes Parke, Esq., who was annually elected president for the succeeding fourteen years in

succession, and the dinners took place principally in the old chateau. To the anniversary dinners the presidents of St. George, St. Andrew and St. John the Baptist were invited as guests, as was also the heads of all military and civil departments. On one occasion in the old chateau, when over two hundred and fifty guests sat down to dinner, it looked well to see Geo. Holmes Parke, Esq., with the president of St. George on one arm, and the presidents of St. Andrew and St. John the Baptist on the other, walking up the long room to the head of the dinner table. There were a large number of subscribers to the Society, and the consequence was, although the subscription was small, it was enabled to do a multitude of good. The Society for many years got on admirably until other branches were formed, and then Mr. Parke did not take the same interest as he had formerly done. Notwithstanding, there never was an anniversary dinner given afterwards but Mr. Parke was invited to it as a guest, and given one of the most prominent seats at the table. Charles Gethings, Esq., I believe, followed Mr. Parke as president, and after him others whose names I have not ascertained. Of all the gentle-

men that met to form the Society, Mr. Parke is the only one living. In 1840 Mr. Parke bought a large tract of land on the River St. Charles, a short distance from the Dorchester Toll Bridge, on which he had built a splendid mansion, and ornamented it with thousands of forest trees and circular avenues, iron entrance gates, stone pillars, etc., also beautiful quickset hedges on each side of the avenues kept neatly trimmed. In this house, which he called "Ringfield," he has lived for the last fifty years, and is still living in it. There is a splendid view from Ringfield. From St. Foy's church to St. Peter street in Lower Town can be seen almost every house in Upper Town, St. Roch and St. Sauveur. Down the River St. Lawrence can be seen nine miles, and from the hall door, before the trees grew up, could be counted fourteen parish churches, apart from the city or suburbs. Mr. Parke came to Canada in 1830, and is now in his eighty-fourth year. During his business career he did a large business, and in the course of twenty-five years he had built for himself seventy-six large ships by different ship builders, which cost and was paid for out of his office over three million of dollars, apart

from his other business." This gentlemen is father of the present popular physician, Dr. Parke. Mr. Lemoine in his "Tourist's Note Book" says: "A very remarkable vestige of French domination exists behind the villa of Mr. Parke, a circular field house, hence the name Ringfield, covering about twelve acres, with an earthwork once about twenty feet high to the east, to shield its inmates from the shot of Wolfe's fleet lying at the entrance of the St. Charles below Quebec."

SILLERY CHURCH—THE PARSONAGE, ONE TIME A RESIDENCE OF SIR E. R. CARON.

Sillery Church, beautifully situated above Sillery Cove (one of the best-known lumber coves near Quebec), has for its parishioners many families of note, foremost amongst whom were the Sharples family, well known for their Catholic piety and their active benevolence.

At the time I first knew Sillery Church, its pastor was the Rev. George Drolet, a very fervent, energetic priest, who I fear lost his health in part from over zeal in the discharge of his arduous duties. His people being mixed English and French, I have known him go through the ritual of two masses, preach two sermons one in French and one in English (fasting though frequently warned against such over-exertion.

He was stricken with paralysis some years

ago, and though comparatively a young man, is quite debarred now from all church services.

He exercised considerable influence amongst his parishioners, many of them being very difficult to deal with—a floating population of sailors; but his genial manner and tact carried him through many difficulties. I cannot give a better illustration of that same tact than by narrating a fact that occurred full thirty years ago. At the time of the great *Corrigan Murder* (as it was called)—the outcome of a fight between Orangemen and R. C. Irishmen—the feud ran so high, the Bishop of Quebec, seeing how impossible it would be for an Irish priest to abstain from being drawn into the vortex of party strife, decided on sending a French-Canadian priest, who would have no national feeling in the matter. The matter was discussed, but it was supposed to be such a post of danger, even for a priest, the Bishop decided he would ask for a volunteer instead of issuing a command to one of his clergy. All eyes turned to the Rev. Mr. Drolet as *the one* suited; he had been junior priest in St. Patrick's Church in Quebec, was thoroughly acquainted with

the character of the Irish people, and much beloved by them. He offered his services, which were at once accepted; but some of his confrères felt badly over the matter and remonstrated: "You must remember, my dear sir, that you have a mother and sisters dependent on you for a home, and you hold your life in your hand, if you go to ——— in the present state of feeling, as the Irish say they will not have a French-Canadian priest." "I am not afraid," was the Rev. Mr. D.'s rejoinder; he went, to find the Presbytery closed, the Parish Church nailed up, and a very threatening crowd assembled. He could do nothing that day, so went to a neighboring parish to say his morning mass. The next day the same scene. Undaunted he began to talk, said he always thought an Irishman liked fair play, and thought he might ask for a few minutes hearing—*he*, one man against hundreds. "Oh! yes," they said, ashamed. "We'll let you talk, but remember we don't want to insult your reverence, but we won't have a French-Canadian over us." "Well, answer me one question, I like to know to whom I am talking: what is your name, and in what part

of Ireland were you born?" "Oh, sir, I was not born in Ireland, but my grandfather and grandmother came from the Old country." "And you? and you?" The same answer, not one perhaps in forty were born in Ireland, all really by birth Canadians, and Mr. D. said, "You say you won't have me because I am a French-Canadian, my name is so, but, as my grandmother was Irish, I consider myself as Irish as any of you." His wit carried the day. He resided there for many years, and was so well liked that between thirty and forty of his parishioners accompanied him to do him honor, when he was given the pastorate of St. Michel, and I shall never forget the sight of a crowded steamboat, half of the people in tears as they went to see him off, and land him at Sillery, to which he had been promoted—the most desirable rectorship, I fancy, in the R. C. gift, near Quebec; but which he was to enjoy only a few years.

ST. MATTHEW'S CHAPEL.

A beautiful little church on the site of the old burying ground, on St. John street, Quebec, built by that well-known philanthropist, Matthew Hale, Esq., and very much enlarged and beautified by the various members of the Hamilton family with their well-known liberality.

BISHOP HAMILTON.

About thirty years ago, there arrived fresh from college a newly-ordained clergyman of the Church of England. So youthful looking, so mild in character, it appeared at first as if he would hardly yet be fitted for the onerous position of pastor, but he was appointed. Family influence and money soon caused St. Matthew's to be most largely patronized, also free seats. In the meantime our young clergyman pursued his unobtrusive way. Daily he might be seen in the poorest and least frequented streets of the city, driving a little waggonette, evidently constructed to order from its capacity for holding comforts for his poor people. A thoroughly earnest, fervently pious man, our young clergyman, before many years, displayed his innate force of character, acquired great influence, and we know him now as Charles Hamilton, Bishop of Ontario.

ST. PATRICK'S CEMETERY, QUEBEC.

Formerly Woodfield, the residence of the late James Gibb, Esq., previously the residence of Chas. Sheppard, Esq.

———

As I tread the sod of this cemetery what a host of memories are evoked. Here was the handsome residence of Chas. Sheppard, formerly large timber merchant of Quebec, one of whose sons, Mansfield Sheppard, Esq., and his daughter, Mrs. Watt, I think still survive! This pleasant home was burnt down, the family having hardly time to escape, and many cherished and valuable mementoes of the past perished with it. It was purchased by James Gibb, Esq., as a homestead, and so occupied for many years; and who in the flush of enjoyment at the many pleasant entertainments given by the Gibb family would have foreseen the day when many of those dancing and promenading through

those beautiful grounds would be treading over perhaps the very spot may be their own resting place in the quiet grave. Such is life. This cemetery, now of great beauty from its natural characteristics, is about two miles from Quebec

MOUNT HERMON CEMETERY,

About three miles from the city of Quebec, is most beautifully situated on the St. Louis road its grounds at the back overlooking the St. Lawrence.

Amongst other noted monuments here is the slab that indicates the last resting place of the young son of Sir Edmund Head, who was accidentally drowned in the St. Lawrence river, and buried here in Mr. Price's lot. The Price family had long occupied a high position in Quebec society, and been intimate with the families of several of the governors. I see they had the honor of a visit from the Prince on his late trip to Quebec, who lunched with them.

I will attempt no further description of old Quebec, Mr. Le Moine has too thoroughly exhausted the subject, but confine myself to a description of people and incidents illustrative of the to me good old times. Perhaps the beauty of the prospective is enhanced by the distance, but to

those who have passed the meridian of life the past must ever be dearer than the present, for it alone is peopled with so many of the loved we look for in vain now. So many of my once dear associates have gone on before me, I often ponder on what must be the feelings of one living to a hundred years, who stands totally alone without one he has known in his earlier days to greet him.

IN MEMORIAM.

To my darling husband on the anniversary of his death—September the 14th, 1889.

A year has come and gone since, by God's Holy will
You left me, husband darling, and I still
Sorrow as in the earlier days, and grieve
As only those do who also are bereaved
Of one so fondly loved, whose life for years so closely 'twined together
It seemed that death itself could never sever
The bonds, so firmly bound, in sickness or in health
Times of disaster, poverty or wealth,
The love which warmer grew with length of year.
It seems not possible you're gone, I here;
Be still my heart, 'tis only for a time.
God's will be done, and humbly mine
Must bow to His who doeth all things well.
Perchance you hear me, darling; who can tell
What line divides us? Thought may meet thought
On the high shore you stand,

And waft a loving greeting to the spirit land,
So I'll not grieve you with my helpless sorrow,
But happily look toward that glad to-morrow
Will surely reunite us on that Heavenly shore.
The time will come, we'll meet and part no more.

NOVEMBER.

When you speak of drear November,
Of its days of rain and gloom,
You should also ere remember
It's the advent very soon
Of the bright month of December,
With its Christmas joys and cheer.
That its family rejoicings,
And its greetings of New Year,
Eclipse all previous darkness,
As the dark before the dawn;
Ignoring all the dangers,
That yet before us yawn.
For happily so the future
Is hidden from our gaze,
We only blindly, step by step,
Tread the ever-tangled maze
That encircles all our future,
And no one can design
The pathway to be trodden
By either yours or mine.
So implicitly we'll leave

Our Heavenly Guide to say
The road that we will travel
And journey day by day,
Assured He will truly guide us,
If we will only follow,
And land us safely on the shore,
When some assured to-morrow
Will join the past, and safe return
All those for whom we sorrow.

TO THE OYSTER.

How I love you! toothsome oyster,
Because at hunger's call
You are at all times ready
To fill our empty maw.

But still more do I love you
For the odor that you waft
Of seaside and sea-air you bring
With memories of the past.

The past whene'er your advent,
In autumn's wintry weather,
Was grandly hailed on every side,
And brought all friends together.

When seated at a well-spread board,
Full quite a score and more
Of neighbors met to eat the food
All must pronounce so very good.

So whether hot, or whether cold,
In stew, or soup, or pie,
We sing your praise, for very few
Your excellence can deny.

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